

BOYS' HANDICRAFT

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys" and "The Boy Craftsman"

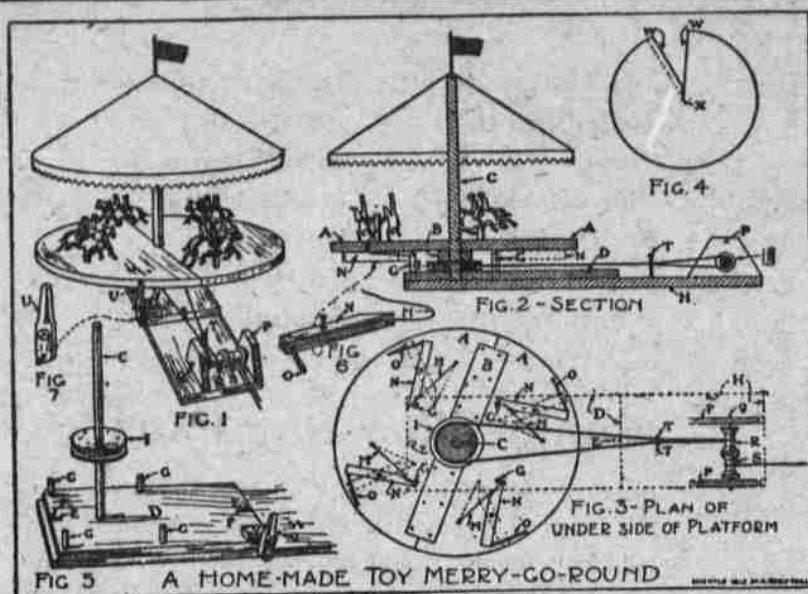
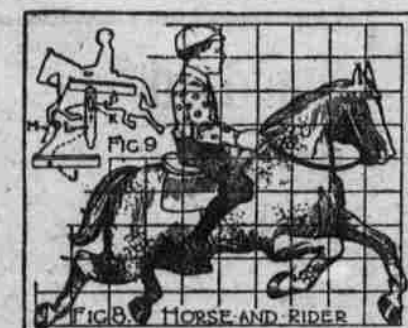


FIG. 5 A HOME-MADE TOY MERRY-GO-ROUND

This home-made mechanical toy may be operated by a toy engine, an electric motor, a water motor such as was described several weeks ago, or by means of a crank turned by hand. The platform directly under the horses may be of any size that you wish to make it. That of the toy illustrated is 20 inches in diameter, and is made of two pieces of board 10 inches wide (A, Fig. 3), joined together at the center with the batten B (Fig. 3). A barrel head may be used for the platform if you can find one; this would save you the work of cutting the circular pieces. A hole must be bored through the center of the platform for the tent center-pole C—a piece of a broom-handle or curtain-pole. Fasten the center-pole in a hole bored through the base board D (Fig. 5). This board is 8 inches wide and 18 inches long. Cut notches E in the ends, and fit the four wooden pins G in holes bored at equal distances from center-pole C. Cut pins G long enough so they will project two inches above base D. The purpose of these pins will be understood later.

Board D sets upon another base board (H), which is of the same width as D but about one-half again as long. The two pieces are not fastened together, but the two nails F are driven through slots E in board D into board H in such a way that D



will slide back and forth along H for a distance of about 1/4 inch; the purpose of this is explained further on. Prepare the spool I (Figs. 2, 3 and 5) about 3 inches in diameter. The two outer pieces of this may be made of cigar-box wood; the center portion should be of 1/4-inch wood. Nail this spool to the platform batten B (Figs. 2 and 3).

Fig. 8 shows the pattern for the horses. The squares drawn across this will help you in enlarging it. First reproduce the squares upon a piece of paper, making each square 1/4 inch each way, then with these squares as guides it will be a simple matter to copy the drawing very exactly. After drawing one horse, trace the other seven from it. Put on the markings with water-colors or crayons. Tack each horse to a strip of wood similar to J (Fig. 9). Each strip should have a hole drilled through it to fit a wooden axle (K), and each axle should be slipped through an upright (L), which in turn should be driven into a hole bored in the platform of the merry-go-round. The horses should be pivoted a little forward of the balancing point, as shown in Fig. 9. Mount uprights L at equal distances from the center-pole and at equal distances from each other.

The horses are made to gallop by the triggers N, which are screwed to the under side of the merry-go-round platform in such positions that they are operated by pegs G as the platform revolves (Fig. 3). The cords M attached to the ends of sticks J (Fig. 9) run through holes in the platform (Fig. 2), and are tied to tacks in the ends of the triggers (Figs. 2, 3 and 5). Fasten the rubber bands O to the opposite end of the triggers (Figs. 3 and 5), to spring them back into the positions shown by dotted lines in Fig. 3 after they slide past pegs G. When triggers N pull upon strings M the horses rock forward, and when the strings are released the horses rock back again, on account of being pivoted forward of their centers of balance. Each pair of horses will go through four galloping movements upon each revolution of the platform. Triggers N must be very carefully pivoted so pegs C will strike them just right.

Fasten the supports P (Figs. 1, 2 and 3) to the projecting end of base H, in the proper position so the center of one of the two spools mounted

upon the shaft Q (R, Fig. 3), will be in line with the center of the spool I. Use a strong twine for belts, and belt spool R to spool I, and spool S to the water motor, engine, or electric motor. The nails T (Figs. 1, 2 and 3) are necessary at the point where the belt running from spool R to spool I twists, to guide it.

The merry-go-round is controlled by lever U (Fig. 1), which moves base board D back and forth, loosening the belt that runs around spools R and I when moved in one direction, and tightening it when moved in the opposite direction. When this belt is tightened, the merry-go-round is set in motion, and when slackened the belt slips around spool R and the toy is brought to a stop. Fasten the block V to the corner of base board D (Figs. 1 and 5), drive a nail into its edge, and screw the lower end of lever U to the edge of base board K in the proper position so the nail in the edge of block V will slide back and forth in the upper hole in the lever.

The tent for the merry-go-round may be made of tin or cardboard. Fig. 4 shows how it should be cut with a triangular piece sliced out of one side. Lap and paste the two edges W, and fasten the peak X to the top of the center pole.

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PRaise FOR PRESS OF TODAY

English Lecturer Points Out How It Is Superior to That of the Past.

Upon the news side there was no question whatever of the infinite superiority of the new journalism. It was more alert, more efficient, it had to be swifter, and he thought Lord Northcliffe would agree that if tested it would be found to be more accurate. He denied the accusation of sensationalism, and said that the press, if it were to be profitable to them, must be a mirror, and if it were a clear mirror it must reflect the whole of modern life in its range. Sensationalism was compressed and avoided. For every sensation perpetrated by the modern press, for every mischief it could be accused of causing, for every incitement to bad blood between nations, they had twenty occasions in which every journal of repute had avoided, at the sacrifice of sensationalism, the things which might have led to those results. In the new journalism, without any sacrifice of its incomparable news efficiency, the last few years had shown a most remarkable change and he thought the most remarkable improvement in the treatment of the news.—J. L. Garvin in a London address.

He Got Excited.
Residents of Indianapolis north of Fall creek have had considerable difficulty in obtaining telephones owing to the crowded condition of the companies' cables in that part of the city. Among those who have been unable to phone is a man who applied for service three months ago. At the end of the first month after his application he received a bill for the month's rental. He explained that he had no phone and the company's representative apologized for the error.

At the end of the next month another statement was received and the same action taken. At the end of the third month the applicant for phone service was annoyed by the third bill.

With assumed wrath he called the phone company and ordered "his phone taken out."

At last accounts the linemen were still wondering what became of the instrument they could not find.—Indianapolis News.

Wasted Period of Life.
The period of woman's life from 50 to 75 is now more shamefully wasted than any other of our national resources. If one visits a state federation of women's clubs he will find nearly every delegate of this age.

Remove all restrictions on woman's activity and these strong matrons would vitalize our schools, give us decent municipal housekeeping, supervise the conditions under which girls and women work in shops and factories and do much to clean up politics. Debarred from real power as they are, they are still making us decent in spite of ourselves.—Earl Barnes in Atlantic Monthly.

WAITER WANTED TO PLEASE

Guest at Hotel Is Assured That Two Flies in His Coffee Are Small—Set in Kitchen.

"Here, waiter," said the man who expected to be at the hotel for several days, "is a dollar. Now I want you to look after me promptly, and see that I get the best of everything. When I get ready to leave, if your service has been satisfactory, I'll give you something more."

The waiter obsequiously bowed and assured the gentleman that he should have the best of the kitchen, and that it would always be served in a hurry, and that there would be neatness as well as dispatch.

On the second morning after the gentleman's arrival he had nearly finished his breakfast when he suddenly summoned the waiter and, angrily pointing to his coffee, asked:

"Do you call that taking good care of me? Look at the size of the flies in there. Two of them! Look at the size of 'em!"

"I'm very sorry, sir," the waiter replied, with every evidence of the deepest regret; "them's the smallest flies we have."

Easily Explained.
"I can't understand why it is," complained the theatrical manager, "that this show doesn't draw bigger houses. We certainly have a great cast; the piece is far better than the average; our press agent has been doing noble work; the prices are reasonable; the chorus is one of the biggest in town, and everything has been done. It seems to me, that could be done to make the thing a smashing success. Yet the people won't come."

"The trouble is," replied the man who had been studying conditions, "that you haven't arranged it so that there will be a likelihood of somebody getting killed at each performance."

The Part to Which She Objected.
"Mary, the people in this ward want to elect me an alderman."

"Oh, Jonathan, don't go in for anything of that kind."

"There's pretty good pay in it, and I might be able to do something for the public."

"Yes, I know, but please don't be an alderman."

"Why do you object to it? I'd only have to be out one night a week."

"I know, but you can't be an alderman unless you run a saloon, can you? I shouldn't want you to go into that business."



Tom—I don't seem to hit it up with your father. I've done my best to get on his right side.

Tess—That's the wrong side. Try his left; he hears better on that side.

Important If True.
"A curious thing happened on a train on which I was a passenger, the other day."

"What was that? Did you get through before anybody tried to pull off a straw vote?"

"No; we had the straw vote, but the train was delayed for three hours on a siding in the woods and the conductor condescended to take us into his confidence and tell us why."

Regretted.
The Customer (missing his favorite waiter)—Where's Charles today?

The Waiter—I'm sorry, sir, but he's gone.

The Customer—Gone! Do you mean he's defunct?

The Waiter—Yes, sir, and with everything he could lay 'is' ends on.—London Sketch.

One Exception.
Two men stopped to watch some structural iron workers on a tall building.

"It's a dangerous job," said one, "but I suppose there is no calling that is entirely free from danger."

"How about the man who dodges baseballs at a picnic?"

Why He Was Sorry.
"I see Jack Hanson was married the other day to Miss Richley."

"Yes; I was very sorry to see it."

"Sorry? For her sake or his?"

"For mine; I wanted her."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Force of Habit.
"Don't let the murderers in the prison see the convict baseball game."

"Why not?"

"They might inadvertently kill the umpire."

Sounds Like It.
"What do you think of the scientist's statement that a man may become intoxicated by the sun's rays?"

"I think he is indulging in moonshine."

Four does and fawns have been found dead in Stowe since the opening of the deer season, with no clue to the shooters. Four does and a fawn have been found dead in Rutland county.

Rev. George W. Phillips, for more than 20 years pastor of the Congregational church in Rutland, died at his home in Shrewsbury, Mass., Sunday. He left Rutland in 1906.

POULTRY

NEW INDUSTRY IN PHEASANTS

Interest Becoming Widespread and Thousands of Birds Now Scattered Throughout Country.

(By W. L. MATEE.)

Conservation of the fauna including the game birds of the United States requires the strict enforcement of laws intended to control the shooting and marketing of wild birds, and necessarily limits both the period during which they may be hunted and the number available to supply the increasing demands of those who desire those table luxuries.

This lack may be remedied by the product of aviaries, preserves, and private parks, devoted to rearing of domesticated game, the marketing of which under suitable safeguards is already permitted in several of the states, indicating that American markets will open more and more to these domesticated substitutes to the fast disappearing wild game.

At present there is no lack of demand for pheasants for various purposes. Owners of private preserves, and state game officials, pay profitable prices for certain species for stocking their covers, zoological and city parks and owners of private aviaries are ready purchasers of the rarer and more beautiful species, and large



Ringneck Pheasant.

numbers of dead pheasants are annually imported from Europe to be sold for several times the price they bring in European countries. The demand for pheasants is increasing.

Ringneck pheasants have long been established in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia, and are less common in the wild state in Massachusetts, New York, Indiana and Kansas. Efforts to acclimatize pheasants in the United States are of comparatively recent origin, though earlier than those of other game birds.

The few pheasant stomachs examined indicate that these birds are very fond of grain. Oats and wheat composed about 34 per cent. of the food of 12 ringneck pheasants collected in Oregon and Washington and 82.5 per cent. of the stomach contents of two English pheasants from British Columbia. But all of these birds were taken in September, October and December; hence it is probable that all of this grain was waste. The next largest item of food in these stomachs was insects, consisting entirely of larvae of March flies. One stomach contained no fewer than 360 of these larvae and another 422. The remainder of the food included acorns, pine seeds, browse, peas, rose hips, lupine, bur clover, black mustard and chickweed.

From 200 to 300 kernels of wheat and oats were taken by various birds; about 200 peas were found in one stomach, but it was evident that these were the old and partly decomposed refuse of the harvest. Twenty-three acorns and 200 pine seeds were taken by the birds which ate the largest amount of wheat, and about 800 capsules of chickweed, containing more than 8,000 seeds, were in the stomach of the best weed seed eater.

What is most evident is that pheasants are gross feeders; their capabilities for good or harm are great. If a number of them attack a crop they are likely to make short work of it, or if they devote themselves to weed seeds or insect pests they do a great deal of good. It seems therefore that the question of the economic value of pheasants is peculiarly a local one. Much depends on the proportion of land under cultivation, the kind of crops raised, and the quantity of wild food available. Apparently the chances are about even that imported pheasants will or will not become useful economic factors.

Clower for Fowls.
Clower is better than any other hay for fowls for the reason that it possesses egg making nutriment, as well as fiber to separate the particles of grain. It is not bulky (more quantity) than is needed, but coarse fiber to separate the concentrated feed in the stomach, that the gastric juices can circulate through the mass.

Before the roads get frozen, scrape up some dust for winter use. Put it in a dry place.

Ten hens that have room according to their strength will bring in more money than fifteen crowded.

When we get a good many chicks on hand there is a temptation to crowd them during the winter season.

As he bent over an uncovered stove early Sunday morning, the night clothes of Barney Barker of Rutland took fire and the man was seriously and possibly fatally burned.

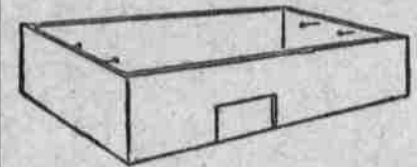
The Fairbanks Scale Co. is to erect a new building at its plant in St. Johnsbury in the spring. 60x100 feet. It will be used for the plant's finishing and assembling department.

POULTRY

FATTEN CHICKS FOR MARKET

Arizona Woman Has Much Success With Coop Covered With Wire Netting—Ration Used.

I am having great success in fattening my overstock of chick cockerels for hotel and restaurant trade, writes Mrs. Almo of Roswell, N. M., in the Farmers' Mail and Breeder. My feeding coop shown in the drawing has a solid floor of matched boards, covered with an inch of road grit. The top is covered with poultry netting, over which a solid roof is hinged, which may be raised on warm days. The front and



Coop for Market Feeding.

west end are covered with wire netting. The roads are in the west end of the coop. The feed drawer is covered with two-inch mesh wire netting and one feeding a week will do it. I feed the following mixture for fattening: One quart each, alfalfa meal, corn chop and bran, and one pint meat scraps. This way of feeding saves both time and feed and I now make money where I lost money before with ordinary care. Besides my own stock, I buy chicks of the quick-growing breeds to fatten.

Tests were made a short time since in Germany to determine the effect of different meat meals on poultry. During these experiments it was found that the egg production ceased earlier than with normal hens. Fish meal was more favorable for egg production than meat meal. The eggs were of poorer flavor than normal eggs, and could not be preserved in the usual way.

The meat meal increased the intensity of the yellow color of the yolk. The flesh of the birds fed meat meal was normal as regards taste and odor, though slightly changed in color, melting point and fat, which were higher than normal, but lower than normal with fish meal. When fed cadaver meal the flesh of the fowl had a rancid taste, and whenever fed tuberculous beef did not cause tuberculosis in the hens.

GERMAN EGG-LAYING TESTS

Results Given of Experiments Made to Determine Effect of Various Meat Meals on Poultry.

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And that was why Mr. Hazen tarried. After two hours of inquiry he learned that the girl was a camper at Black Bass Point, four miles away, and while no one knew her name it was generally agreed that she was snippy in speech and attitude. She had spoiled the fishing for three or four other parties within the week past. One of Mr. Hazen's informants added to her indefinite information:

"And I do hope that someone will give her to understand that she isn't the only pebble along this beach."

It seemed to the young man that it was up to him to do the showing. Next afternoon he hired a motor boat and set off in quest of revenge. They will wait an applicant a motor boat at most beaches, though he is ignorant of their machinery as a dog is of landscape painting. The renter is told to do this and do that and is sent off and an hour later is hauled off a mud bank and towed home and is glad to fork over three big dollars extra.

Half an hour after Mr. Hazen was aloft the girl of the day before bore down on him after rounding Catfish Point. She held straight for his craft, and held the course until he had to give the word or take a collision. He couldn't swim a stroke, and he dared not take the chances. She didn't appear to see him as she swept past, but he saw that she was biting her lip to keep the smile back. The owner of the motor boat had said:

"If you want to speed 'er up turn this switch—so."

Mr. Hazen wanted speed—heaps of speed—and at a hundred miles an hour. He turned the switch and off it. The boat jumped fifteen feet and then came down to scud away like a rocket. It was now the young man's turn to sail circles around the other craft, but his triumph was brief. Before he had fairly completed one the girl slowed down and started off on a new course. She ignored his existence.

Early in the spring a lumber schooner had been driven into the bar and upon a bar. She was so old and had been so badly strained that her cargo was taken away and she was stripped and left to rot. The hulk lay three miles from the nearest shore. Mr. Hazen had never visited it. It was towards the wreck that the girl headed, and half an hour later, with speed unabated, the young man followed suit. It was his hiding behind the wreck he would dare her to come out and fight it out like a man.

Yes, the saucy girl was in hiding. She had made up her mind that the other craft had the most speed and she refused to enter into a race where defeat awaited her. She was in the lee of the hulk, with her fish lines out, when she heard the boat bearing down. It was coming at full speed and the young man was tugging desperately with switches. Something stuck.

The craft was held straight for the one at rest and the crash and the girl's screams could have been heard half a mile away. Both occupants were

Isadore Raynor, of Maryland, the leading Democratic member of the United States senate and the man whose name was offered to the Baltimore convention by W. J. Bryan as a suitable candidate for the presidential nomination, died in Washington at the end of a long illness resulting from continued attacks of neuritis.

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HAZEN'S REVENGE

Happy Ending of Motor Boat Collision.

By CARL JENKINS.

Paul Hazen had loafed, fished, sailed and had a good time generally at the summer hotel on Green South bay, and when his two weeks were up he ought to have gone back to the city content. But did he do so? Not at all. He didn't make a move towards going. On what he called his last afternoon he had been fishing out a mile from shore when a girl in a motor boat appeared. She evidently took him for someone else, for she came foaming down upon him with a laugh upon her lips.

Mr. Hazen had four hand lines out, hoping to make a record catch on his last fishing day, and the propeller of the motor boat caught and wound them all up. With the last one it almost dragged the fisherman out of his skiff. He hadn't noticed the girl and her boat until too late, and in his confusion and indignation he found himself calling out:

"Here now, but what in blazes are you up to?"

"I—I beg pardon!" stammered the girl.

"But that's no way—"

Now Mr. Hazen saw that it was a motor boat instead of a whale and a saucy looking girl instead of a grizzled old fisherman, and off came his cap and he managed to say:

"I didn't know, you know."

"Or you wouldn't have sworn at me!" she replied.

"Yes, I took you for a gentleman. I was mistaken! How much is the damage?"

Mr. Paul Hazen was rather slow witted at times, and this was one of the times. He had been surprised. He had almost sworn at a young lady. He had sat and stared at her like a dummy. After her insulting fling at him he had sat for five minutes and let her sail circles around him and then head away without a glance at him. It was minutes before he could pull himself together and exclaim:

"Now what d'ye think of that?"

Mr. Hazen was a gentleman. He was also a favorite in society. He also had the vanity to think that most girls looked at him twice instead of snubbing him once. Here was one that didn't. She was saucy and defiant. She had given him the worst snub of his life, and it rankled. How to get even with her was the thought in his mind as he rowed back to the hotel.

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thrown into the water, and both boats went to the bottom. If there was a hero history has mislaid recording it. If there was a heroine she was too badly dragged to brag about it. When the smoke and smell of petrol had cleared away and the splinters had ceased to fly Mr. Paul Hazen and Miss Deb Harrison faced each other on the shattered decks of the old schooner and neither could give a succinct account of how they got there.

There was a minute or two to get breath, and then, as was her right, the girl observed:

"Well, of all the fools in a motor boat."

"Oh, I don't know!" was the reply of the young man, who could think of nothing else just then.

"I have seen some idiots adrift and ashore in my time, but nothing to compare with you!"

"But you know I didn't mean to run into your boat here."

"Then why did you do it? You had the whole bay to cavort in."

"But something went wrong."

"But it was up to you to fix it!"

"You saw me—"

"Yes, and I see you now! Sir, if you are not little damages for \$500 you'll be lucky!"

"But you tried to run me down!"

"No such thing, sir! I simply intended to try your nerve."

The girl paced up and down the planks, clenching her hands and whispering to herself, and it was two minutes before she faced the young man and said:

"Sir, my father is a lawyer in the city. He'll know how to collect damages."

"His name, please?" asked Mr. Hazen.

"Samuel Harrison, sir."

"Why, I have been in his office for three years."

"Are you Mr. Hazen?"

"I am."

"Did you knock a man down who came in to shoot father?"

"I did."

"And when a fire broke out in the office it was you who locked the big safe and saved all the records?"

"They gave me the credit of it."

"Father has promised a hundred times to bring you to dinner, but he forgets the social side. Mr. Hazen, you are not a motor boat success."